

Black Moon

"Tyrants"

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Tyrant, you'll be damned by your power
And the blood you've spilt
You will die by the sword

The violence
We Suffer
Why you live for?
The walls of creation have been destroyed
You may raise your rifle to the sun
But you have not won
No, you have not won

Bastard, you won't be forgiven
And no, we won't lay down
Tyrant, you're the plague of existence
Tyrant, you're the king of the damned

The battles of this fashioned war
Ain't what we've been fighting for
Tyrant, you know your time has come
As soldiers emptied
Their rounds into your side
Tyrant, you know your time has come
As soldiers marched on...
Your empty skin

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